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THE POOR SOLDIER:

A COMIC OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS.

**AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.**

By JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.

L O N D O N :

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[Price One Shilling.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Fitzroy	- - -	Mr. DAVIES.
Patrick	- - -	Mrs. KENNEDY:
Dermot	- - -	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Darby	- - -	Mr. EDWIN.
Father Luke	- - -	Mr. BOOTH.
Bagatelle	- - -	Mr. WEWITZER.
Norah	- - -	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Kathlane	- - -	Mrs. MARTYR.



THE POOR SOLDIER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Country—Sun rise—a large Mansion at some distance—near the front, on one side, a small House; on the other a Cottage.*

DARBY *without.*

NOW what harm, Dermot?

Der. (*without.*) Why, 'tis harm; so stay where you are.

Enter DERMOT and DARBY.

Dar. Upon my faith I won't say a word.

Der. Go away I tell you.

Dar. Lord, I never saw such a man as you: sure I'll only stand by.

Der. But I tell you it's not proper for any one to be by when one's along with one's sweetheart.

Dar. Well, I always like to be by when I'm along with my sweetheart—She's asleep—I'll call her up—Hallee! Kathlane!

Der. Will you be quiet, Darby? Can't you go make a noise there, under Father Luke's window?

Dar. Ecod, if I do, he'll put me in the Bishop's Court.

Der. If I wasn't so fond of Kathlane, I should think Norah, his niece there, a very handsome girl.

Dar. Why, so she is; but since her own sweetheart, Patrick, run away from her and list'd for a foldier, she don't care a pin for the prettiest of us; by the Lord she even flouts me.

Der. Well, well, you'll see how it will be; somebody I know——

Dar. Ay, you mean the foreign serving man to the strange Officer that's above at the Duke's. Eh! why, faith Dermot, it would indeed be a shame to let a black-muzzled Mounseer carry off a pretty girl from a parcel of tight Irish boys like us.

Der. So it wou'd, Darby; but my sweet Kathlane is fast asleep, and never dreams that her poor Dermot is here under her window.

Dar. Ay, never dreams poor Darby's under her window—but I'll have her up—Kathlane!—Kath——

Der. Hush!

AIR—DERMOT.

Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathlane dear,
May peace possess thy breast;
Yet dost thou dream thy true love's here,
Depriv'd of peace and rest.

The birds sing sweet, the morning breaks,
These joys are none to me,
Tho' sleep is fled, poor Dermot wakes,
To none but love and thee.

[Exit.

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Dar. What a dull dog that is!—Ah, poor Dermot! ha, ha! why such a song cou'dn't wake an owl out of his sleep, let alone a pretty girl that's dreaming of me.—Kathlane! upon my conscience I'll—yes, I'll rouse her.

AIR—DARBY.

Dear Kathlane you no doubt,
Find sleep how very sweet 'tis,
Dogs bark, and cocks have crow'd out,
You never dream how late 'tis;
This morning gay,
I post away,
To have with you a bit of play,
On two legs rid
Along to bid,
Good morrow to your night-cap.

Last night a little bowfy
With whiskey, ale, and cyder,
I ask'd young Betty Blowfy
To let me set beside her;
Her anger rose,
And sour as sloes,
The little gypsey cock'd her nose,
Yet here I've rid
Along to bid,
Good morrow to your night-cap.

Beneath the honey-suckle,
The daisy and the vi'let,
Compose so sweet a truckle,
They'll tempt you sure to spoil it;
Young Sall and Bell
I've pleased so well,
But hold—I mustn't kiss and tell—
So here I've rid
Along to bid,
Good morrow to your night-cap.

[KATHLANE *opens the cottage window.*

Dar. Ay, there she is; oh, I'm the boy for it.

Kath. Is that Dermot?

Dar. (*biding under the penthouse.*) O dear, she takes me for Dermot, he, he, he!

Kath. Who's there?

Dar. Sure it's only I.

Kath. What, Dermot?

Dar. Yes—I am—Darby (*aside*).

Kath. I'm coming down (*retires*).

Dar. I thought I'd bring her down: I'm a sure marksman.

Enter KATHLANE from the cottage.

Kath. Where are you, my dear Dermot?

Dar. (*comes forward.*) "Good morrow to your night-cap" (*sings*).

Kath. (*starting.*) Darby! Now hang you for an impudent fellow.

Dar. Then hang me about your neck, my sweet Kathlane.

Kath. It's a fine thing that people can't take their rest of a morning, but you must come roaring under their windows.

Dar. Now what need you be so cross with a body, when you know I love you.

Kath. Love!—ha—I like you for that.

Dar. I'm oblig'd to you.

Kath. You love, ha, ha, ha!

Dar. I do, upon my conscience.

Kath. Well, let me alone, Darby: once for all I will not have you.

Dar. No!

Kath. No, as I hope for man, I won't.

Dar. Ha, ha, ha! hope for man, and yet won't have me.

Kath.

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Kath. Yes, but I'll tell you what sort of a man; then look into the river, and see if you're he.

Dar. And if not—I'll pop in head foremost.

Kath. Do, Darby; and then you may whistle for me.

AIR—KATHLANE.

Since love is the plan
I'll love if I can,
But first let me tell you what sort of a man :
In address how complete,
And in dress spruce and neat,
No matter how tall so he's over five feet :
Nor dull, nor too witty,
His eyes I'll think pretty
If sparkling with pleasure whenever we meet.

Tho' gentle he be,
His man he should see,
Yet never be conquer'd by any but me :
In a song bear a bob,
In a glass a hob nob,
Yet drink of his reason his noddle ne'er rob :
This is my fancy
If such a man can see,
I'm his, if he's mine, until then I am free.

Dar. So then you won't have me ?

Kath. No, that I won't.

Dar. Now you might if you pleas'd.

Kath. I might if you pleas'd.

Dar. Well, sure, I do please.

Kath. Ay, but you don't please me.

Dar. Why, I'm a better match for you than Dermot.

Kath. No.

Dar. No! Hav'n't I everything comfortable about me? cows, sheep, geese, and turkies for you to look after in the week days, and a pretty pad

for you to ride to chapel on a Sunday: a little cabin for you to live in, and a neat bit of a potatoe garden for you to walk in; and for a husband, I'm as pretty a lad as you'd meet with of a long summer's day.

Kath. Get along: don't talk to me of your geese and your turkies, man, with your conceit and your nonsense.

Dar. My nonsense! Oh, very well!—You say that to me, do you?

Kath. To be sure I do.

Dar. Then marry hang me if I don't—

Kath. What—what will you do?

Dar. Do, why I'll—tell the priest of you.

Kath. Ah, do; do your worst, 'you ninney hammer.

Dar. I'm a ninney hammer! oh, very well!—I tell you what, Kathlane—I'll say no more.

DUET.

Kath. Out of my sight or I'll box your ears.

Dar. I'll fit you soon for your jibs and jeers.

Kath. I'll set my cap at a smart young man.

Dar. Another I'll wed this day if I can,

Kath. In courtship funny.

Dar. Once sweet as honey,

Kath. You drone.

Dar. No Kate, I'm your humble bee.

Kath. Go dance your dogs with your fiddle de dee,
For a sprightly lad is the tune for me.

Kath. Like sweet milk turn'd now to me seems love.

Dar. The fragrant rose does a nettle prove.

Kath. Sour curds I taste, tho' sweet cream I chose.

Dar. And with a flower I sting my nose.

Kath. In courtship funny, &c.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter

Enter FITZROY.

Fitz. Ay, here's Father Luke's house: I doubt if his charming niece is up yet (*looks at his watch*). I shall be back before the family are stirring; and even if not, drawn hither by the devout hopes of paying my adoration to this Sylvan Deity, the beauty and freshness of the morning exhilarates and delights.

AIR—FITZROY.

The twins of Latona, so kind to my boon,
Arise to partake of the chase,
And Sol lends a ray to chaste Dian's fair Moon,
And a smile to the smiles of her face.
For the sport I delight in, the bright queen of love
With myrtles my brow shall adorn,
While Pan breaks his chaunter and skulks in the grove,
Excell'd by the sound of the horn.

The dogs are uncoupled, and sweet is their cry;
Yet sweeter the notes of sweet echo's reply:
Hark forward, my honies! the game is in view,
But love is the game that I wish to pursue.

The stag from his chamber of woodbine peeps out,
His sentence he hears in the gale;
Yet flies, till entangled in fear and in doubt,
His courage and constancy fail.
Surrounded by foes, he prepares for the 'fray,
Despair taking place of his fear,
With antlers erected, awhile stands at bay,
Then surrenders his life with a tear.

The dogs, &c.

Oh, here comes the priest her uncle; and now for his final answer, which must determine my happiness.

Enter Father LUKE.

Good morning to you, Sir.

F. Luke.

F. Luke. And a good morrow; and a hundred and a thousand good morrows to you, worthy Sir.

Fitz. As many thanks to you, my reverend Sir.

F. Luke. True, Sir, I am reverend, because I'm the priest of the parish.—Bless you, Sir, but you're an early riser.

Fitz. Why, you must imagine that the pillow has no great charms for one whose heart can take little rest till lulled to peace by your friendly benediction.—Oh! Father Luke! your charming niece——

F. Luke. My niece—you told me of that; but you never told me your fortune; so it's gone quite out of my memory.

Fitz. Why, Father, if you must peep into my rent-roll, I fancy you'll find it something above two thousand pounds a-year.

F. Luke. Two thousand!—You shall have my niece: but there's two things which perhaps you have not considered on.

Fitz. What are those?

F. Luke. Her religion and her country.

Fitz. My dear Sir, be assured I am incapable of an illiberal prejudice against any one, for not having first breathed the same air with me, or for worshipping the same Deity in another manner. We are common children of one parent; and the honest man who thinks with moral rectitude, and acts according to his thoughts, is my countryman, let him be born where he will.

F. Luke. Just my thoughts, Sir; I don't mind a man's country so he has—You've 2000l. a year? (*FITZROY bows*) Your hand, you shall marry my niece.

Fitz. My dear good man, you're the best of priests; but there's one thing that I'd wish to be certain

certain of—Are you sure your niece's heart is totally disengaged?

F. Luke. Why, Sir, she did give her heart away, but I made her take it back again—she had a sort of a lover that I think she was a little fond of.

Fitz. How?

F. Luke. Don't be alarm'd, Sir, for Lord knows what's become of poor Patrick since he was sent off for America: upon my refusing Norah to him he took on so, that one day, full of ale and vexation, the fool went and list'd for a soldier!

Fitz. Ah, I could wish that—

F. Luke. You can wish for no more than you shall have—she's your's—I say the word; and I'm her uncle, her guardian, and her clergy.—Here, Norah, child! (*calls at the window.*)—I fancy she's not awake yet (*going in*).

Fitz. Hold, Sir, I wouldn't have her disturb'd for the world.

F. Luke. Well, faith, you're good natured enough, considering you've been fighting in America.

Fitz. My dear Father Luke, you know I'm down here at the Duke's upon a visit, and you have sense enough to know likewise, that notwithstanding your niece's beauty and merit, and the reverence due to your character, such is the ridiculous pride and assumed privilege of birth and fortune, that I should be most egregiously rallied, and perhaps obstacles thrown in the way of my happiness, should this affair be talked off there.

F. Luke. Not a word—my lips are sealed.

Fitz. That's right, my dear friend; the ceremony once over, with pride I shall publish my felicity to the world. I have already sent up to Dublin for some trifling ornaments for my sweet Norah;

Nora; I expect them every hour—this night you shall join our hands, and then I'll introduce my lovely bride, as such, to my friends at Carton house.

Enter DARBY.

Dar. Father Luke, I want to speak a word with you if you please, Sir. (*FITZROY walks up the stage.*)

F. Luke. What do you mean, you free fellow? Don't you see I'm in company, and in company with a gentleman too? Eh, you wicked boy?

Dar. I'm not wicked.

F. Luke. Eh, how, child! what, an't I your priest, and don't I know what wickedness is?

Dar. Well, Sir, to be sure I have been a young rake as a body may say, but now I'm going to take a wife to myself,

F. Luke (to DARBY). Get away!—I beg your worship's pardon (*to FITZROY*),

Fitz. Oh, no apology, Sir—the shepherd must look to his flock!

F. Luke. Ah! I'm shepherd to a blessed flock of goats! Now, would you think it, Sir? that Darby, that fellow that looks so sheepish, is the most notorious reprobate in the whole parish.

Dar. (to FITZROY.) Sir, I'll tell you why Father Luke's always at me—He, he, he! When one plays or so among the girls, you know one must give them a kiss or two, to keep them in good humour; and then the long winter nights before a fine fire, I'm so frolicksome among 'em, that when we play at forfeits, it may come to twenty or thirty kisses apiece: these they must all confess to him, and Ecod! of a cold morning they keep Father Luke till his fingers are numb'd and his nose is blue,

blue, he, he, he! You know, Sir—you know that's the reason you don't like poor Darby.

F. Luke. Get along, you profligate!

Dar. Well, Sir, I'll go.

F. Luke. Come back here—Where are you going now? I warrant you're posting away to the alehouse, but I'll follow you—I'll meet you there, and if I catch you guzzling—if you dare call for a quart of ale before me——

Dar. You'll drink half of it.

F. Luke. Go along, go! (*pushes him off.*) Oh! dear me! I'm only a poor parish priest here; and I profess I have more to do than a bishop.

Fitz. I wish, Father, you were a bishop!

F. Luke. I wish to Heaven I was.

Fitz. Well, well—who knows—all in good time—We shall have his Grace's interest! Such a thing may be done.

F. Luke. Oh, that nothing may hinder it!

AIR—FATHER LUKE.

An humble curate here am I,
The boys and girls director;
Yet something whispers by and by
I may be made a Rector:
Then I'll preach,
And teach,
My sheep and rams,
So well I'll mind my duty;
And oh, my pretty ewes and lambs!
Your pastor shall be true t'ye.

For though a simple fisherman,
A dean'ry if I fish up,
So good I'll do the best I can,
And pray—to be a Bishop.
To my preaching,
Teaching,
Then farewell!

THE POOR SOLDIER.

No more with duty hamper'd,
 But plump and sleek,
 My rev'rend cheek—
 Oh, how my lordship's pamper'd.

But, Sir, you're sure of my niece Norah; and now I must attend some duties of my function among my parishioners! *[Exit.]*

Fitz. Love for a young man! this is not so well: the first impression of love upon the heart of an innocent young woman, is not easily, if ever eras'd; yet the coldness of her carriage to me rather checks my hopes than abates the ardor of my affections (*F. LUKE's door opens*). 'Tis she; I fear to speak to her, lest I should be observed by some of the villagers (*retires*).

Enter NORAH from the House.

AIR—NORAH.

The meadows look chearful, the birds sweetly sing,
 So gaily they carrol the praises of spring;
 Though nature rejoices, poor Norah shall mourn,
 Until her dear Patrick again shall return.

Ye lasses of Dublin, ah, hide your gay charms!
 Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms;
 Though fattins and ribbons and laces are fine,
 They hide not a heart with such feelings as mine.

What a beautiful morning! The primroses and violets seem to have sprung up since the sun went down. If the grass is not too wet, perhaps Kathleen will take a walk with me—but she's gone to walk with her sweetheart Dermot—Well, if Patrick hadn't forsook me I shou'dn't now want a companion:

nion.—Oh dear! here's the gentleman that my uncle is always teasing me about.

Fitz. A fine morning, Madam; but your presence gives an additional lustre to the beauties of this charming scene.

Nor. Sir! (*curtsies.*)

Fitz. Beautiful Norah! has your uncle apprized you of the felicity I hope to derive from your compliance with his will and my ardent wishes?

Nor. I don't know, Sir; he talked to me a great deal, but——

Fitz. (*taking her hand.*) Nay, do not avert those lovely eyes—look kindly on me.

AIR—FITZROY.

For you, dearest maiden, the pride of the village,
The town and it's pleasures I freely resign.
Delight springs from labor, and science from tillage,
Where love, peace, and innocence sweetly combine!
Soft tender affection, what bliss in possessing;
How blest when 'tis love that insures us the blessing.
Care's'd, oh what rapture in mutual caressing,
What joy can I wish for, was Norah but mine:

The feasts of gay fashion with splendor invite us,
Where luxury, pride, and her follies attend;
The banquet of reason alone should delight us,
How sweet the enjoyment when shar'd with a friend.
Be thou that dear friend then, my comfort, my pleasure!
A look is my sunshine, a smile is my treasure;
Thy lips, if consenting, give joy beyond measure,
A rapture so perfect, what joy can transcend!

Nor. Do, Sir, permit me to withdraw; our village is very censorious; and a gentleman being seen with me, will neither add to your honor or my reputation.
[*Exit into the house.*]

Enter

Enter BAGATELLE hastily.

Bag. Ah, Monsieur!

Fitz. Well, what's the matter?

Bag. Ah, Monsieur! I'm come—I'm come—to tell you—that—I'm out of breath—

Fitz. What's the matter?

Bag. It is all blown—

Fitz. I suppose my love affair here is discovered (*half aside*).

Bag. Oui, Monsieur, I have discover—

Fitz. How you?

Bag. All blown.

Fitz. The devil!

Bag. We must go to town!

Fitz. Discovered—all blown—and we must go to town—

Bag. Oui, Monsieur. I have discover dat all your Mareschal poudre is blown out of de vindre, and I must go to town for more!

Fitz. And is this the discovery that has made you run about the roads after me?

Bag. Non, Monsieur; but I am come on de affaire of grande importance.

Fitz. Quick, what is it?

Bag. To know, Monsieur, if you will dress to day en queue or de twisted club.

Fitz. Is this your affair of grand importance?

Bag. Oui; I must make de preparation—oh, I did like to forget to tell you dat his Grace and all de fine Ladies wait for your Honor's company in de breakfast parlour.

Fitz. Damn your impertinence, sirrah! why didn't you tell me this at first? I shall have fifty scouts after me—follow, and be in the way, as I shall want to dress.

[*Exit.*

Bag.

Bag. Ah, ah, ah! begar dis is de priest's house, and I did meet him in de village. Fort bien—ah, 'tis bon opportunité to make de love to his niece; I vil finish de affaire with coup d'eclat—Somebody come—Now for Mademoiselle Norah!
[Exit into Father LUKE's house.]

Enter PATRICK.

Pat. Well, here I am, after all the dangers of war, returned to my native village, two years older than I went—not much wiser—up to the heart in love, and not a sixpence in my pocket! (*DARBY sings without.*) Isn't that Darby? 'tis indeed, and as foolish as ever.

Enter DARBY *singing, stops short, looks with surprise at* PATRICK.

Dar. Is it—Pat? (*runs to him.*) My dear boy, you're welcome—you're welcome, my dear boy.

Pat. Thank you, Darby—How are all friends since I left them?

Dar. Finely; except a cow of mine that died last Michaelmas.

Pat. But how is my dear Norah?

Dar. As pretty as ever. I mustn't tell him of the Mounseer that's about her house (*aside*). 'Twas a shame for you to turn soldier and run away from her.

Pat. Could I help it, when her ill-natured uncle refused me his consent, and she wou'dn't marry me without it?

Dar. Why, Father Luke's very cross indeed to us young lovers.—Eh, Pat, but let's look at you.

B

Egad!

Egad! you make a tight little soldier enough; you'll have Norah—Oh, if I thought I could get Kathlane by turning soldier I'd lift to-morrow.

Pat. Well, I'll introduce you to the serjeant.

Dar. Ay, do, if you please. I think I'd look very pretty in a red coat, ha, ha, ha! (*seems delighted with PATRICK's dress.*) Let's see how the hat and feather becomes me? (*takes off PATRICK's hat and discovers a large scar on his forehead.*) What's that?

Pat. Only a wound I got in battle.

Dar. Hem! take your hat—I don't think regimentals would become me at all.

Pat. How? ha, ha, ha! What! terrified at a scar, eh, Darby!

Dar. Me terrified! not I, I don't mind twenty scars, only it looks so conceited for a man to have a black patch upon his face; but how did you get that beauty spot?

Pat. In my attempt to save the life of an officer, I fell, and the bayonet of an American grenadier left me for dead, bleeding on the field.

Dar. Left for dead!

Pat. There was glory for you.

Dar. Hem! and so they found you bleeding in your glory?

Pat. Come now, I'll introduce you to the serjeant.

Dar. (*looks out.*) Hem! yes, I'm coming, Sir! (*seems as if answering somebody without.*)

Pat. Oh, yonder is the serjeant (*looking out*). Where are you going?

Dar. To meet him (*going the contrary way.*) I'll be with you presently, Sir (*looks at PATRICK*). Hem—glory—row de dow. [*Exit.*]

Pat. Ha, ha, ha! the sight of a wound is enough for poor Darby—but now to see my sweet Norah,

Norah, and then for a pitcher of friendship with my old companions.

AIR—PATRICK.

The wealthy fool with gold in store
Will still desire to grow richer;
Give me but health, I ask no more,
My little girl, my friend, and pitcher,

My friend so rare,
My girl so fair,
With such what mortal can be richer;
Possess'd of these, a fig for care,
My little girl, my friend, and pitcher.

From morning sun, I'd never grieve
To toil a hedger or a ditcher;
If that when I come home at eve
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.

My friend, &c.

Though fortune ever shuns my door,
(I know not what can thus bewitch her,)
With all my heart; can I be poor,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

My friend, &c.

[Exit into house.

SCENE II.—*Inside of Father LUKE's House.*

BAGATELLE *discovered speaking at a chamber door.*

Bag. I would only speak von vord vit you.
Ouvrez la porte, ma chere; do open de door,
Mademoiselle Norah.

Nor. (*within.*) I request, Sir, you'll go away.

B 2

Bag.

Bag. First give me de von little kifs.

Nor. (within.) Upon my word this is exceeding rude behaviour, and if my uncle finds you there, see what he'll say to you.

Bag. (aside.) Oh de Father Luke; begar he may be enragé—vel, I am going—Mademoiselle Norah, I am going.

Pat. (without.) Where is my charming Norah?

Bag. Ah, mal peste! Begar, I am all take—I vill hide (*goes into a closet*).

Enter PATRICK.

Pat. Eh! all the doors open, and nobody at home (*knocks at the chamber door*). Who's here?

Nor. (within.) You're a very rude man, and I desire you'll leave the house.

Pat. Leave the house! a kind reception after two years' absence.

Nor. Sure I know that voice.

Enter NORAH.

My Patrick!

Pat. My dear, dear Norah!

Nor. If I was dear to you, ah Patrick, how could you leave me?

Pat. And were you sorry for my going?

Nor. Judge of my sorrow at your absence by these tears of joy for your return.

Pat. My sweet girl! this precious moment makes amends for all the dangers and fatigues I've suffered since our parting.

Bag. Ah, pauvre Bagatelle! (*aside*).

Pat.

Pat. I heard a noise!

Nor. Oh heavens! if it should be my uncle—what shall I do? he's more averse to our union than ever.—Hold, I'll run to the door.

Pat. And if you hear Father Luke coming up stairs I'll step in here (*opens door and discovers BAGATELLE*). Is this your sorrow for my absence and tears for my return?

Bag. Begar, Monsieur, I am sorry for your return.

Nor. How unlucky!

Bag. Monsieur, votre serviteur.

Pat. Shut up here with a rascally hair-dresser!

Bag. Hair-dresser! Monsieur, you shall give me de satisfaction; I vill challenge you, and I vill meet you vid——

Pat. With your curling irons.

Bag. Curling irons! Ah, sacre Dieu!

Pat. Hold your tongue, except you like to walk out of a window.

Bag. Monsieur, to oblige you I vill valk out of de vindre, but I vould rather valk down stairs; I'm not particular in dat point.

Pat. March, firrah! or I'll cudgel you while I can hold a splinter of shelelah.

Bag. Cudgel! Monsieur, vill you take a pinch of snuff?—Non! Oh, den I put up my box and bid you bon jour—Serviteur, Mademoiselle Norah! [*Exit.*]

Pat. Ah, Norah! could I have believed this of you?

Nor. Could I have believed Patrick would have harboured a thought to my disadvantage—And can you think me false?

Pat. If I do, Norah, my heart is the only sufferer.

THE POOR SOLDIER.

DUET.

PATRICK.

A rose true full in bearing,
Had sweet flowers fair to see ;
One rose beyond comparing,
For beauty attracted me.
Though eager once to win it,
Lovely, blooming, fresh, and gay ;
I find a canker in it,
And now throw it far away.

NORAH.

How fine this morning early,
All sun-shiny, clear, and bright ;
So late I lov'd you dearly,
Though lost now each fond delight.
The clouds seem big with showers,
Sunny beams no more are seen ;
Farewell, ye happy hours,
Your falsehood has chang'd the scene.

[Exeunt severally.]

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Country.*

Enter PATRICK.

PATRICK.

Ay, I'm but a common rank and file; it is not of this Frenchman I should be jealous—my Norah I find has given her heart to an officer—no matter!

AIR—PATRICK.

Why breathe so rude, thou northern wind,
Be gentle unto me;
I lov'd a maiden most unkind,
No fairer shall you see:
Her vows were soft as western gale,
Whilst flocks are penn'd in fold;
I thought she listen'd to my tale,
She left me, ah! for gold.

Full featly sexton with thy spade,
Oh make my bed a boon;
Yet, though to rest is Patrick laid,
Thy bells ring out this tune.

Beneath this bank of tufted grass,
 Ye faithful swains be told,
 Is laid the youth that lov'd the lass,
 Who left him, ah ! for gold.

[*Exit.*

Enter DARBY.

Dar. Ho, Pat ! Paddy ! Ay, there he goes
 singing about the roads like a discarded fowl ; so
 am I—but why should Kathleen like Dermot better
 nor I ? Well, well, I'm sure I'm as—shew me a
 completer fellow—I can wrestle—I'm a good
 hurler—I can cudgel—I can play upon the pipes,
 and I can dance (*dances*)—and I can—shew me a
 completer fellow, that's all (*KATHLANE sings*
without)—Oh, here she comes.

Enter KATHLANE.

Kath. What, are you there, foolish Darby ?

Dar. Now am I puzzled whether to take a
 friendly glass of punch with Patrick yonder, or stay
 here and kiss you.

Kath. So betwixt my lips and a glass of punch,
 you're the ass between two bundles of—

Dar. Now I'm an ass—you're a bundle of
 sweet—since nobody's by I'll make hay while the
 sun shines—Kiss me, Kathlane, and then I'll be
 in clover.

Kath. No, I'll not take such a rake as you
 when I go a hay-making, I assure you.

Dar. See there now !

Kath. Aye, and see there again now ; you know
 Darby I'm an heiress, and so take your answer—
 you're no match for me.

Dar. An heirefs! Why, though your father, old Jorum, that kept the Harp and Crown, left you well enough in the world, as a body may say, yet—

Katb. Well enough, you disparaging fellow! Didn't my poor father leave me a fortune of eleven pounds—a barrel of ale upon draught—the dappled mare, besides the furniture of the whole house, which 'prais'd to the matter of thirty-eight shillings! Well enough indeed!

Dar. (*soothing.*) Nay, but Kathlane—

Katb. (*passionate.*) Well enough! And didn't he leave me the bald filley, you puppy?

Dar. Oh, now she's got upon the bald filley—the devil can't take her down—

Katb. A pretty thing to say to a girl of my fortune!

AIR—KATHLANE.

Dermot's welcome as the May,
 Chearful, handsome, and good natur'd;
 Foolish Darby, get away,
 Aukward, clumsy, and ill featur'd:
 Dermot prattles pretty chat;
 Darby gapes like any oven:
 Dermot's neat from shoe to hat;
 Darby's but a dirty sloven.
 Lout looby!
 Silly booby!
 Come no more to me courting:
 Was my dearest Dermot here,
 All is joy and gay sporting.

Dermot's teeth are white as egg,
 Breath as sweet as sugar-candy;
 Then he's such a handsome leg;
 Darby's knocky-kneed and bandy!

Dermot

Dermot walks a comely pace;
 Darby like an ass goes slumping;
 Dermot dances with such grace;
 Darby's dance is only jumping.
 Lout lobby,
 Silly booby, &c.

[Exit.

Dar. So I must fall in love; I wish I'd first fell
 in the river—Oh dear! (*sighs.*)

Bag. (*without.*) Oh, Monsieur Darby!

Dar. Lord, this is Mr. Bag and Tail the
 Mounseer.

Enter BAGATELLE.

Bag. Ah, ha! Monsieur Darby; begar I did
 look all about and I could no find you.

Dar. That's because I'm so wrap'd in love.

Bag. Monsieur Pat shall fight a me.

Dar. Oh, you're going to fight Pat.

Bag. Oui; and dis is de deadly challenge, de
 lettee de mort.

Dar. Oh, what you'll leather him more.

Bag. Dis soldier Patrick did affront me before
 Mademoiselle Norah; and I vil have de satisfaction
 —Begar I vil kill soldier Pat, and you shall be my
 friend.

Dar. Can't you as well kill Dermot, and then
 you'll be my friend?—but why kill Pat?

Bag. Ce Monsieur Pat, quel barbare!

Dar. Oh, because you're a barber.

Bag. Vou'd you affront me?

Dar. Not I.

Bag. You vil be my friend, if you vil give dis
 challenge to Monsieur Patrick.

Dar. Give it me; by the Lord Harry, man, he
 shall have it.

Bag.

Bag. I vill not trust dat Lord Harry's man—
Give it yourself.

Dar. Well, I will.

Bag. Dere it is—Le Duc's coachman did write
it for me as he is Englis.

Dar. Let's see (*opens it and reads*).—"Sir,
" this comes hopping,"—Hopping! I'll run all
the way if that will do—" that you're in good
" health, as I am at this present writing—I tell
" you what, friend, though you think yourself a
" great officer, you don't make me walk out
" of a window; and this comes to let you know
" I'll have Norah in spite of you, I'll be damn'd
" if I don't; and moreover than that, meet me
" in the Elm Grove at seven in the evening,
" when you must give me satisfaction, but not
" with curling irons; till then I'm yours, as in
" duty bound."

Bag. Oui; dat is de etiquette of de challenge;
I put no name for fear of de law.

Dar. It is not directed; but Pat shall have it.

Bag. Fort bien.

Dar. I know Pat is Norah's sweetheart—but
how did he affront you?

Bag. Affront! Begar he did take off his hat and
make me a low bow.

Dar. That was an affront indeed.

Bag. And den says he, Monsieur, I should be
much oblige to you if you vil do me de honour to
walk out of de window.

Dar. Well, you could not do less, he was so
civil.

Bag. Ah, ha!—Monsieur, says I, begar I vil
make you walk down stairs; vid dat I did lift my
leg and give him one blow dat did kick him from
de top to de bottom.

Dar.

Dar. You kickt him down stairs ! and for that he must give you satisfaction.

Bag. Dat is it—Monsieur Darby, I vould not trust de upper domestiques at de Duke's, nor employ de lower servants upon dis affair of honour—You must come to de fight vid me—I have de pistols.

Dar. Pistols !

Bag. Oui ; you shall be my seconde.

Dar. Pistols!—Second!—Eh, cou'dn't I be third or fourth ?

Bag. Ah, Monsieur ; you are wrong ; toute autre chose.

Dar. Oh, I must get two other shoes (*looking at his feet*).

Bag. Non—Vel, Monsieur Darby, now I have sent my challenge, I am ready in de duel to decide de point of honour ; and so I vil go—brush my master's coat. [*Exit.*]

Dar. Pistols!—I don't much like giving this challenge to Pat—he's a devil of a fellow since he turned soldier ; the boy at the alehouse shall give it him ; for as Pat bid Monsieur walk out of a window, he may desire me to walk up the chimney. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter NORAH.

Nor. No where can I find him ; and I fear my uncle will miss me from home.—My letter must have convinced him how he wronged me by his suspicions.

AIR

AIR—NORAH.

Dearest youth, why thus delay,
And leave me hear a mourning;
Ceaseless tears while thou'rt away
Must flow for thy returning.
Winding brooks, if by your side
My careless love is straying,
Gently murmur, softly chide,
And say for him I'm staying.

Meads and groves I've wander'd o'er
In vain, dear youth, to find thee;
Come, ah come! and part no more
Nor leave thy love behind thee.
On yon green hill I'll sit till night,
My careful watch still keeping;
But if he then not bless my sight,
I'll lay me down a weeping.

He comes—My Patrick!

Enter PATRICK.

Pat. My dear Norah, excuse my delay; but so many old acquaintances in the village.

Nor. You had my letter?

Pat. Yes; and I'm ashamed of my folly—to be jealous of such a baboon too!

Nor. Aye, he'd be soon discharged if his master Capt. Fitzroy knew of his presumption.

Pat. Ah, Norah, I feel more terror at that one Captain's name, than I did at the sight of a whole army of enemies, drawn up in battle array against me.

Nor. My dearest Patrick, only be constant, love me as I think you do, and mine is fixt on such

such a basis of permanent affection, as never to be shaken.

Pat. And can you prefer a poor foot-soldier to a Captain, my sweet Norah?

Nor. Ah, my Patrick, you may be only a private in the army, but you're a field officer here (*lays her hand to her heart*).

Pat. Charming, generous girl!

AIR—PATRICK.

Tho' Leixlip is proud of its close shady bowers,
Its clear falling waters and murm'ring cascades,
Its groves of fine myrtle, its beds of sweet flowers,
Its lads so well dress'd and its neat pretty maids:
As each his own village must still make the most of,
In praise of dear Carton, I hope I'm not wrong;
Dear Carton containing what kingdoms may boast of,
'Tis Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song.

Be gentlemen fine with their spurs and nice boots on,
Their horses to start on the Currah Kildare,
Or dance at a ball with their Sunday new suits on,
Lac'd waistcoat, white gloves, and their neat powder'd hair.

Poor Pat while so blest in his mean humble station,
For gold or for acres he never shall long;
One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a nation,
From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song.

Enter FITZROY behind, in a plain scarlet frock and round hat.

Fit. (aside.) My little country wife in company with a common soldier!

Nor. Don't fail to come to our house as you promised, for at that time my uncle will be down at Dermot's.—I've a notion 'twill be a match

match between him and Kathlane; my uncle's her guardian—Adieu, my Patrick! You'll come early (*parting tenderly*). [*Exit NORAH.*]

Pat. Happy Dermot! his Kathlane had not charms to attract the attention of this gentleman; but because Norah is most beautiful, Patrick is most unhappy.

Fitz. (aside.) This is a timely and fortunate discovery—If I had married her, I should have been in a hopeful way—I'll endeavour to conceal my emotions and speak to this fellow! (*Advancing*) A pretty girl you've got there, brother soldier!

Pat. She's handsome, Sir.

Fitz. You seem to be well with her, eh?

Pat. (sighs.) But without her.—

Fitz. Oh, then you think you shall be without her?

Pat. Yes, Sir.

Fitz. What parts you?

Pat. My poverty.

Fitz. Why, she don't seem to be rich.

Pat. No, Sir; but my rival is.

Fitz. Oh, you've a rival?

Pat. I have, Sir.

Fitz. Now for a character of myself (*aside*). Some rich rascal, I suppose?

Pat. Sir, I envy his riches only because they give him a superior claim to my Norah; and for your other epithet, I'm sure he don't deserve it.

Fitz. How so?

Pat. Because he's an officer, and therefore a man of honor.

Fitz. It's a pity, my friend, that you're not an officer, you seem to know so well what an officer should be—Pray, have you been in any action?

Pat.

Pat. I have seen some service in America, Sir.

Fitz. Carolina?

Pat. Yes, Sir; I was at the crossing of Beattie's Ford.

Fitz. (*with emotion.*) Indeed!

Pat. I'd an humble share too in our victory of the 15th March at Guildford, under our brave officers, Webster, Leslie, and Tarlton.

Fitz. Were you in the action at Beattie's Ford?

Pat. Here's my witness, Sir (*takes off his hat*). I received this wound in the rescue of an officer who, having fallen, must have perished by a determined bayonet.

Fitz. By heaven! the very soldier that saved my life! (*aside*)—Then I suppose he rewarded you handsomely?

Pat. I looked for no reward, Sir.—I fought—it was my duty as a soldier; to protect a fallen man was but an office of humanity.—Good morning to your Honor.—

Fitz. Where are you going now, my friend?

Pat. To abandon my country for ever.

Fitz. (*aside.*) Poor fellow!—But, my lad, I think you'd best keep the field; for if the girl likes you, she'll certainly prefer you to your wealthy rival.

Pat. And for that reason I'll resign her to him. As I love her, I'll leave her to the good fortune she merits; it would be only love to myself should I involve her in my indigence.

Fitz. You'll take your leave of her though?

Pat. No, Sir—I told her I'd meet her at her uncle's; but I think it better even to break a promise, than expose her to the pangs of a separation; which, without self-flattery, I know must grieve her tender heart.

Fitz.

Fitz. Well, but my lad, take my advice and see the girl once again before you go.

Pat. Sir, I'm obliged to you—you must be a good-natured gentleman, and I'll take your advice.—Then I will venture to see my Norah once more; for if even Father Luke turns me out of his house, I shan't be much disappointed.

AIR—PATRICK.

Farewell, my dear Norah, adieu to sweet peace!
 Ah say, cruel Fate, when my sorrow shall cease!
 I fear'd neither musket, nor cannon, nor sword,
 Farewell is my terror, for death's in that word!
 Yet farewell to Norah, adieu to sweet peace,
 Ah say, cruel Fate, when my sorrow shall cease!

[*Exit* PATRICK.]

Fitz. What a noble spirit—there let the embroidered epaulet take a cheap lesson of bravery, honour, and generosity, from sixpence a day and worsted lace.

Enter Boy with a letter.

Boy. Pray, Sir, are you the man in the red coat?

Fitz. Ha, ha, ha!—Why, yes, my little hero, I think I am the man in the red coat.

Boy. Then Darby desired me to give you that.

[*Exit unperceived.*]

Fitz. (*opening the letter.*) Darby! a new correspondent—(*Reads*) “This comes hopping—
 “duty bound.”—A curious challenge; and pray, my little friend, where is this Mr. Darby? (*looks round.*) Eh! why the herald is off—My Norah seems to have plenty of lovers here—but how has my attachment transpired?—Seven o'clock in

the Elmgrove—Well, we shall see what sort of hero Mr. Darby is—This charming girl!—A pretty snare master Cupid has led me into. How unlucky, to erect so fair a mansion on another man's foundation !

AIR—FITZROY.

Thou little cheat, return my heart,
For if you've lost your own,
'Tis but at best a roguish art
To coax poor me with mine to part
And yours for ever gone.

Hence ye graces, smiles, and loves,
Tender sigh and falling tear,
Venus harness all thy doves ;
Cupid quit thy mansion here.

Heal my wound and soothe my pain,
Rosy Bacchus cheer my soul ;
If the urchin comes again,
Drown him in thy flowing bowl.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Outside of DERMOT's Cottage.*

Enter Father LUKE and DERMOT.

F. Luke. Well now, Dermot, I've come to your house with you—what is this business ?

Der. Oh, Sir, I'll tell you.

F. Luke. Unburthen your conscience to me, child—speak freely—you know I'm your spiritual confessor, so I must examine into the state of your soul—tell me—Have you tapped the barrel of ale yet ?

Der.

Der. That I have, Sir, and you shall taste it.

[*Exit.*

F. Luke. Aye, he wants to come round me for my ward Kathlane.

Re-enter DERMOT with ale.

My dear child, what's that?

Der. Only your favourite brown jug, Sir.—

F. Luke (taking it). Now, child, why will you do these things? (*drinks.*)

Der. I'll prime him well before I mention Kathlane.—It's a hard heart that a sup can't soften (*aside*).

F. Luke. Boy, what signifies your jug? you know I don't think of it without a tender song—You're a country lad and a shepherd, and a lover.

Der. All that I surely am, Sir.

AIR—DERMOT.

My sheep feast on flowers, and fine is their wool;
My dog he is faithful, my bottle is full;
And green is the pasture, and blue is the sky,
And Aura soft whispers in amorous sigh.
A note from my pipe is the joy of the plain,
That couples in dancing the nymph and the swain.
Tho' smiles of bright summer encircle my year,
Alas! all is nothing! Kathlena's not here!

Gay Shelah presents me a bowl of sweet cream;
Fond Oonah requests I'd interpret her dream;
For saving two lambs that fell into the brook,
Each wove me a chaplet to hang on my crook.
All mine are the meadows that round I behold;
And mine are the flocks that at sun-set I fold;
My neighbours are cheerful, their friendship sincere,
Alas! all is nothing!—Kathlena's not here!

[*Exit into the house.*

Enter DARBY:

Dar. How do you do, Father Luke?

F. Luke. Go away, Darby; you're a rogue.

Dar. Father Luke, consent that I shall marry Kathlane.

F. Luke. You marry Kathlane, you reprobate!

Dar. Give her to me, and I'll give your Reverence a sheep.

F. Luke. Oh, well; I always thought you were a boy that would come to good—A sheep!—You shall have Kathlane—You've been very wicked.

Dar. Not I, Sir.

F. Luke. What! an't I your priest, and know what wickedness is—but repent it, and marry.

Dar. Yes, Sir, I'll marry and repent it.

AIR—FATHER LUKE.

You know I'm your priest and your conscience is mine,
But if you grow wicked it's not a good sign;
So leave off your raking and marry a wife,
And then, my dear Darby, you're settled for life:
Sing ballynomona ora,
A good merry wedding for me.

The banns being publish'd to chapel we go,
The bride and the bridegroom in coats white as snow;
So modest her air, and so sheepish your look,
You out with your ring and I pull out my book:
Sing ballanomonora ora,
A good merry wedding for me.

I thumb out the place and I then read away;
She blushes at love, and she whispers obey;
You take her dear hand to have and to hold,
I shut up my book and I pocket your gold:
Sing ballynomona ora,
The snug little guinea for me.

The

The neighbours with joy to the bridegroom and bride,
 The piper before us, you march side by side;
 A plentiful dinner gives mirth to each face,
 The piper plays up, myself I say grace:
 Sing ballynomona ora,
 A good wedding dinner for me.

You shall have Kathlane; and here she comes.

Dar. (*bowing.*) Thank you, Sir. [*Both retire.*]

Enter KATHLANE, with a bird in a cage.

AIR—KATHLANE.

Sweet bird I caught thee in thy nest,
 And fondling plac'd thee in my breast,
 When thou wert helpless, weak, and young,
 Unfledg'd thou cou'dst not wing the air,
 I cherish'd thee with tender care,
 Be grateful, pay me with a song.

Ah, what to thee are groves and fields,
 The tempting gifts gay Flora yields,
 Why pant and flutter to be free?
 Ten thousand dangers are abroad,
 Then in thy small but safe abode,
 Content and cheerful sing for me.

Thou think'st not of the various ills,
 The wintry blasts that often kills,
 I'd fain thy little life prolong;
 The ruffian hawk prescribes its date,
 The levell'd gun is charg'd with fate,
 Here brave them in thy warbling song.

Oh, Father! is Dermot within, Sir?

F. Luke. Kathlane, don't think of Dermot.—

To her, man; put your best leg foremost.

Dar. I don't know which is my best leg.

F. Luke. Go (*makes signs to DARBY*).

Dar. Oh, I must go and give her a kiss (*kisses her*). He, he, he!—what sweet lips! he, he, he!—Speak for me, Sir.

F. Luke. Hem! Child, Kathlane—Is the sheep fat?

Dar. As bacon!

F. Luke. Child, this boy will make you a good husband; won't you, Darby?

Dar. Yes, Sir.

Kath. Indeed, Father Luke, I'll have nobody but Dermot.

F. Luke. I tell you, child, Dermot's an ugly man and a bad christian.

Enter DERMOT.

Dar. Yes, Dermot's a bad man and an ugly christian.

F. Luke. Come here, Dermot, take your mug—you empty fellow (*throws it away*)—I am going to marry Kathlane here, and you must give her away.

Der. Give her away! I must have her first; and it was to ask your consent that I—

F. Luke. Eh, what! you marry her! no such thing—put it out of your head.

Der. If that's the case, Father Luke, the two sheep that I intended as a present for you, I'll drive to the fair to-morrow, and get drunk with the money. [*Going.*]

F. Luke (*pauses*). Hey, two sheep! (*aside.*) Come back here; it's a sin to get drunk.—Darby, if you've nothing to do, get about your business.

Dar. Sir!

F. Luke,

F. Luke. Dermot—child! is'nt it this evening I am to marry you to Kathlane?

Dar. Him! why, lord, Sir, it's me that you're to marry to her.

F. Luke. You, you ordinary fellow!

Dar. Yes, Sir; you know I'm to give you—

F. Luke (apart to DERMOT). Two sheep?—
(*Loud to DARBY*) You don't marry Kathlane.

Dar. No!

F. Luke. No; it is two to one against you—So get away, Darby.

Kath. and Der. Aye, get away Darby.

F. Luke (to KATHLANE and DERMOT). Children, I expect Capt. Fitzroy at my house for my niece Norah, and I'll couple you all as soon as I clap my thumb upon matrimony.

QUARTETTO.

Father LUKE, DERMOT, DARBY, and KATHLANE.

KATHLANE to DERMOT.

You the point may carry
If a while you tarry;

To DARBY.

But for you
I tell you true,
No, you I'll never marry.

CHORUS.

You the point, &c.

DERMOT.

Care our souls disowning,
Punch our sorrows drowning,
Laugh and love,
And ever prove
Joys, joys our wishes crowning.

CHORUS.

Care our, &c.

C 4

DARBY.

THE POOR SOLDIER.

DARBY.

To the church I'll hand her,
(Offers to take her hand—she refuses.)
 Then thro' the world I'll wander,
 I'll sob and sigh
 Until I die,
 A poor forsaken gander.

CHORUS.

To the church, &c.

FATHER LUKE.

Each pious priest since Moses,
 One mighty truth discloses,
 You're never vexed,
 If this the text,
 Go fuddle all your noses.

CHORUS.

Each pious, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE IV.—*A Grove.**Enter* FITZROY.

Fitz. Who can this challenger be? Some hay-maker perhaps meet me with a reaping hook, ha, ha, ha!

Bag. *(without.)* Venez ici.

Fitz. *(looking out.)* Eh, my man Bagatelle.—Ah, the officious puppy, I suppose, has heard of the affair, and is come to prevent mischief.

Bag. *(without.)* Come along, Monsieur Darby.

Fitz. Darby! the name the boy mentioned—
 Let's see. [*Retires.*]

Enter DARBY with a pistol, and BAGATELLE with a sword.

Dar. Mr. Bag and Tail!

Bag. Well?

Dar. When I fall, as to be sure I shall—that is, if Pat's second is as wicked as I am, bring my corpse to Dermot and Kathlane's wedding.

Bag. I vil, Monsieur Darby.

Dar. But do you think I may be kill'd!

Bag. Very like.

Dar. Hem!—He's not here—we'll go home.

Bag. Ah, ha! first I vill fight him vid de pistol and den I vill fight him vid de sword.

Dar. I'd rather you'd fight him with the sword first.

Bag. Pourquoi—why so?

Dar. Because I long to see a little sword play, and if you should be killed with the pistols, then I'm disappointed.

Fitz. (aside.) Can Bagatelle be the challenger?

Dar. When Pat shoots I get behind you (*stands at his back*)—You're cursed thin, one might as well stand behind a pitch-fork; I wish you were fatter.

Bag. Ah, Diable! would you have me Dutchman?

Dar. Indeed I would upon this occasion—I'd rather fight behind a Dutch weaver than a French churchwarden.

Bag. Soldier Pat did bid me valk out of de vinder—Ah, ha! Begar! I vil make him valk out of de vorld!

Fitz. (advances.) Servant, gentlemen.

Bag. Mon Maitre!

Fitz.

Fitz. So you send challenges, you rascal! (*shows letter to DARBY.*)

Dar. Me, Sir! Not I, Sir—Oh! yes, Sir, I—No, Sir, I got it from Monsieur Bag and Tail (*frightened*).

Bag. (*aside.*) Ah diantre!

Fitz. (*to BAGATELLE.*) Had you the impudence to write such a letter as this?

Bag. Non, Monsieur—the Duke's coachman,

Fitz. Coachman, sirrah!

Bag. Oui, Monsieur—I vil tell your Honor all touchant cet affaire—Sir, I vas—

Dar. Hold your jabbering! I'll tell the whole story in three words—Sir, you must know, Pat the soldier—No—Monsieur Bag and Tail—was—Father Luke's house—come up stairs—No—Norah bid him—says Pat, says he—(*to BAGATELLE*) What did he say? Oh, she shut the door—out of the window; and before Pat could—no—after—how was it? (*to BAGATELLE.*)

Bag. Oui, dat vas de whole affair.

Dar. Yes, Sir, that was the whole affair.

Fitz. Upon my word, very clearly explained.

Dar. Yes, I didn't go to school for nothing.

Fitz. I find my little Norah is the object of universal gallantry (*aside*).

Bag. Ah, Monsieur.

Fitz. Begone, sirrah! and if ever I find you concerned in letters of this kind again, you get a lettre de cachet.

Bag. Ah malheureux!

[*Exit.*

Dar. (*calling after him.*) Yes, Monsieur, you'd better stick to the curling-irons.

Fitz. Yes, my friend, and you had better stick to your flail and spade than meddle with sword and pistol. None but gentlemen should have

have privilege to murder one another in an honorable way; but when duelling thus descends, let them be ashamed of a practice, the fatal consequences of which precludes him from hope of mercy who dies in the commission of a premeditated crime, and delivers the survivor to the sharpest pains of remorse (*going*).

Dar. One word, Sir, if you please.

Fitz. (returning.) Well, my honest friend!

Dar. Now, Sir, Kathlane's quite lost; there's one thing troubles me; and I'll leave it to you, which of the two, Dermot or I, is the prettiest boy for it?

Fitz. Ha, ha, ha! Stupid scoundrel! [*Exit.*]

Dar. Stupid scoundrel! You a captain!—
Halloo, corporal! (*calls after FITZROY.*)

Re-enter FITZROY.

Fitz. (threatening.) How!

Dar. (turning and calling to the other side.) I say you, corporal. [*Exit FITZROY.*]

Dar. Such a swaggerer! Aye, I must go to town and learn to talk to these people.

AIR—DARBY.

Since Kathlane has prov'd so untrue,
Poor Darby, ah! what can you do?
No longer I'll stay here a clown,
But sell off and gallop to town;
I'll dress and I'll strut with an air,
The barber shall frizzle my hair,

In Dublin I'll cut a great dash;
But how for to compass the cash?

At

At gaming, perhaps, I may win,
 With cards I can take the flats in;
 Or trundle false dice, and they're nick'd;
 If found out I shall only be kick'd.

But first for to get a great name,
 A duel establish my fame;
 To my man then a challenge I'll write,
 But first I'll take care he won't fight;
 We'll swear not to part 'till we fall,
 Then shoot with our powder and—the devil a ball.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *and last.*—*Inside of Father LUKE's House.*

F. Luke (within). Aye, I'll teach you to run after soldiers.

Nor. (within.) Dear Sir!

Enter Father LUKE and NORAH.

F. Luke. Come along! If you won't have Captain Fitzroy you go to Boulogne. Pat the soldier, indeed! I'll send you to a convent—I will by my function!

Nor. Sir, I am contented.

F. Luke. Contented! Very fine. So you put me into a passion and now you're contented. Go—get in there, Mrs. Knapfack! (*puts her in and locks the door—taps at the door with the key.*) Consent to marry Captain Fitzroy, or there you stay till I ship you for France.

Enter

Enter FITZROY.

Fitz. Eh, Father Luke! Who's going to France?

F. Luke. Only a young lady here within, Sir, that's a little refractory—she won't marry you, Sir.

Fitz. Refuse my hand! Well, that I did not expect. But do you resign her to me, Sir?

F. Luke. There, with that key I deliver up my authority (*gives key*). And now, if I can find Mr. Patrick her soldier, he goes to the county gaol for a vagabond. A jade! to lose the opportunity of making herself a lady and me a bishop. [*Exit.*

Fitz. Oh! here is her soldier. Now, "I must seem cruel only to be kind."

Enter PATRICK.

Pat. Well, Sir, by your advice I have ventured here, like a spy into the enemy's camp.

Fitz. (sternly.) Pray, my friend, were you ever brought to the halberts?

Pat. Sir!

Fitz. How came you absent from your regiment? Have you a furlough?

Pat. (confused.) Not about me, Sir.

Fitz. I have the honor to bear the King's commission, and am obliged to take you up for a deserter.

Pat. Sir, it was a reliance on your honor and good nature that trepann'd me here; therefore, I hope you won't exert an authority which I had no suspicion at that time you had a right to.

Fitz.

Fitz. No talk, Sir; it was for the good of the service I trepanned you hither, as you call it. I've a proper person prepar'd here, into whose custody I shall deliver you (*unlocks the door*).

Pat. What a cruel piece of treachery! (*aside*.)

Fitz. (*presenting NORAH.*) Since you reject me, Madam, here's one that will know how to deal with you.

Nor. My Patrick!

Pat. Oh, Norah! if this is real, let's kneel and thank our benefactor.

Fitz. No, Patrick, you were my deliverer; I am that very officer whose life you saved at Beatti's Ford, and the identical Captain Fitzroy who would have deprived you of a treasure I now deliver to you with joy, as the reward of your generosity, valour, and constancy.

F. Luke (*without*). No, I can't find the runaway-rascal.

Pat. Your uncle!

Nor. Oh, heavens!

Fitz. Don't be alarmed.

Enter Father LUKE, DERMOT, DARBY and KATHLANE.

F. Luke. What's here? Patrick!—Dermot and Darby lay hold of him.

Der. Not I.

Dar. I'm no constable.

F. Luke. I say take him. The serjeant shall lay hold of him.

Dar. Why, Sir, the white serjeant has laid hold of him.

Fitz. Dear Sir, don't be so violent against a young man that you'll presently marry to your niece.

F. Luke.

F. Luke. Me!

Fitz. Don't you wish to be a bishop?

F. Luke. A fine road to bring a foot-soldier into my family; then a halbert must be my crozier, and my mitre a grenadier's cap—a common soldier indeed!

Fitz. He's no longer so; I have a commission to dispose of, and I cannot set a higher value on it than by bestowing it on one so worthy.

F. Luke. An officer! Oh, that's another thing.

Dar. Pat an officer! I'll list to-morrow in spite of the black patch.

Pat. Sir, though it's a vain attempt, my sweet Norah and I shall endeavour to deserve your patronage and goodness.

Kath. (to NORAH.) My dear Norah, I wish you joy.

Dar. (apart to KATHLANE.) How dare you make so free with an officer's lady?

F. Luke. But, Captain, why do you give up my niece?

Fitz. Sir, the Captain thought himself unworthy of her, when he found superior merit in the Poor Soldier!

FINALE.

FITZROY.

More true felicity I shall find
 When those are join'd, (to PAT. and NOR.)
 By fortune kind;
 How pleasing to me,
 So happy to see,
 Such merit and virtue united.

NORAH.

No future sorrows can grieve us,
 If you will please to forgive us;
 To each kind friend
 We lowly bend (*curtsies*)—
 Your pardon—with joy we're delighted.

PATRICK.

THE POOR SOLDIER.

PATRICK.

With my commission, yet, dearest life!
 My charming wife!
 When drum and fife
 Shall beat up to arms,
 The plunder your charms,
 In love your poor soldier you'll find me.

KATHLANE.

Love my petition has granted,
 I get the dear lad that I wanted.
 Less pleas'd with a duke,
 When good Father Luke
 To my own little Dermot has join'd me.

DARBY.

You impudent huffy, a pretty rate
 Of love you prate,
 But harkye, Kate,
 Your dear little lad
 Will find that his pad
 Has got a nice—kick in her gallop.

FATHER LUKE.

Now, Darby, upon my salvation,
 You merit excommunication;
 In love but agree,
 And shortly you'll see,
 In marriage I'll soon tie you all up.

DERMOT.

The devil a bit o' me cares a bean,
 For neat and clean
 We'll both be seen,
 Myself and my lass
 Next Sunday at mass,
 And there will be coupled for ever.

PATRICK.

The laurel I've won in the field, Sirs,
 Yet now in a garden I yield, Sirs,
 Nor think it a shame
 Your mercy to claim—
 Your mercy's my sword and my shield, Sirs.

THE END.



